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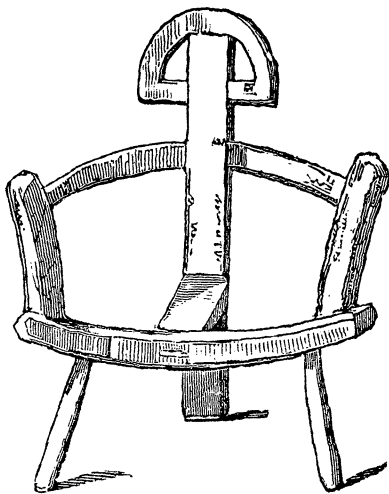
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PENNY MAGAZINES.

Sagacious people say that the present extraordinary demand for penny publications will die away; that it is a *fever* just approaching its crisis—a *mania* which will soon reach its grand climacteric. The love of tulips, and the anxiety to possess those that were rare, raged to such an extent in Holland, from the year 1634 to 1637, that the Dutch of all ranks, from the greatest to the meanest, neglected their occupations, and even mechanics sold their tools, to engage in the *tulip trade*. Now, every body almost is engaging in the *penny trade*. The *tulip madness* had to be checked by the Dutch government; but no government could rule Great Britain, that would attempt to check the sale of Penny Magazines for the diffusion of useful or entertaining knowledge, and in the columns of which no attempt is made to infringe upon the existing stamp duty regulations. So far from thinking that the demand for these publications will subside, we think it will increase, and that a change will be produced by them upon the state of public feeling as extraordinary as it will be beneficial. Setting totally aside the great *moral* influence, and the great *mental* power which they will exercise, let us just see what good they effect in the way of creating a *new trade* in the country. Say there are forty thousand penny magazines sold in all Ireland weekly; (perhaps there are more) this brings in upwards of one hundred and sixty pounds per week, and the profits resulting from this sum give employment not merely to paper makers, to printers and to booksellers, but to a great many honest poor people, who not having a trade, or unable to exercise it, through various causes, are finding a means of subsistence by hawking the cheap publications. Now, if every gentleman in Ireland were to encourage all his friends, servants, and dependants to buy each, say *one* a week, there would soon be upwards of an hundred and fifty thousand sold of the cheap publications, treble the number of poor people would be employed in selling them, a vast mass of information would be diffused, *thought* would be awakened, the public mind would receive a prodigious impulse, and the very face of society would be changed.



ANCIENT IRISH CHAIR.

Of all the articles which the ingenuity of man has invented for his own domestic comfort, there is no one perhaps so ancient, so universal, or in which his taste has been so variously and extensively exhibited, as in the chair! We forget what celebrated naturalist or philosopher it was who designated man as a *cooking* animal, to distinguish him from the inferior races; but for our own parts we think it would have been more scientific to have called him a chair-making animal—an animal indisposed to sitting on the ground: and we are further of opinion that a chronological and illustrated history of seats, from our own three legged stool, or *creepy*, to the throne of the monarch, would, if done properly, give a more exact notion of our progress in civilization, wealth and taste, than any other historical work in existence. There is no age or state of society of which the form of this simple article would not be found to be a just and accurate characteristic; for instance, passing from our own *creepy*—which is evidently the most primitive and ancient form in the world, and which still

retains its appropriate place in the mud cabin; see what a contrast is presented in the noble and massive chairs of the Egyptians, a people blessed with unbounded wealth and happiness. Then, among the ancient Greeks and Romans the chair assumed an elegance of form, deserving the epithet of classical, and such as we might expect among nations in which the principles of taste were so widely diffused. Then on the decline of these great empires, and the decay of civilization, the chair became rude, heavy, and ungraceful. And again, on the spread of wealth and intelligence, in the middle ages, and the consequent restoration of taste, it assumed a lofty and elaborate elegance, unlike indeed, the chaste and refined beauty of the Greek chair, but still beautiful, fanciful, and original, and worthy of the times that gave birth to that exquisite style of architecture, commonly, but erroneously called Gothic. What a notion do the elaborately carved oak chairs of this period give us of the wealth, and love for domestic comfort of those for whom they were made! the cost of one of them would furnish a decent parlour now-a-days. Then came the barbarously fashioned chairs of cane and mahogany, of the last century—worthy of the age of brick-box houses. And lastly we have returned in a meagre spirit of imitation, to the graceful models of old Greece and Rome.

In the sketch prefixed to this article, we present our readers with what we consider as a striking example of the aptitude of our countrymen to arrive rapidly at excellence in the arts if they had only encouragement or means. It is an ancient oak chair, which we saw a few years since, in the little decayed village of Drumcliffe in the county of Sligo—a place of much importance in old times, and which according to the tradition of the country, could at one period, count several magnificent stone churches, and fifteen hundred houses of oak. Observe reader with what ingenuity and taste the artist bounded at once from the aboriginal form of seat—the three-legged stool, to the greatest effort of modern skill in the procurement of comfort—the easy arm chair, retaining much of the simplicity of the one, with the complication and convenience of the other. Four legs he deemed a superfluity, and we are of opinion that he was right, for we have sat in this chair and found it steady and pleasant. We are sorry to have to add, from the information of a friend, that this interesting vestige of the greatness of Drumcliffe, no longer exists; it has been used for firing during a severe winter, being deemed by its owner as a useless and inappropriate article of luxury; and the stump of a noble round tower, is the only memorial now remaining of that ancient and once celebrated town.

P.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Our readers may perhaps recollect an allusion to "*the law*," in our third Number. We entreat their patience in giving a few facts by way of finally dismissing the subject.

In the interval between the publication of the first and second parts of the "*Landlord and Tenant*," the story was sold by Mr. Hardy, to the Author, for fifteen pounds—law proceedings were threatened—the fifteen pounds were offered by Mr. Folds, as some compensation, he accompanying the offer with expressions of regret that it was too late to do any thing else, as a great part of the *Journal* was printed off—the offer was rejected—an injunction from the Court of Chancery was procured on the Friday previous to the day fixed for publication, when many thousand copies were already over the country; and Mr. Folds had scarcely *an hour's* notice of the intention to apply to the Court. When the injunction was served, an offer was made from the author that he would compromise the affair for *fifty pounds, and costs*!—the injunction was disobeyed, the publication proceeded with, and now, the business is at last settled, for the original *fifteen pounds*, covering costs, &c., which the author *might* have had in his pocket, instead of *seeing* it pass into the lawyer's hands. We have but one regret, and that is, that in this shabby business we violated a promise made to Mr. Hardy, who gave permission to insert a conclusion to the story, but not the conclusion; and into which we were partly entrapped by the author himself.

DUBLIN:

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